Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe carv'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name a Tailor cal'st thou this?
Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.
Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.
Tail. I haue.
Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd many men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thy Maste

Master cut out the gowne, but I di
Ergo thou lieſt.
Tail. Why heere is the note of
Pet. Read it.
Gru. The note lies in's throate
Tail. Inprimis a loose bodied g
Gru. Master, if euer I said loo
the Skirts of it, and beate me to de
thred: I said a gowne.
Pet. Proceede.
Tail. With a small compast cape
Gru. I confesse the cape.
Tail. With a trunke sleeue.
Gru. I confesse two sleeues.
Tail. The sleeues curiously cut.
Pet. I there's the villaine.
Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th b
should be cut out, and sow'd vp agai
thee, though thy little finger be arme
Tail. This is true that I say, an
thou shouldst know it.
Gru. I am for thee straight: take
meate-yard, and spare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then
Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne i
Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy maste
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: T
for thy masters vse.
Pet. Why sir what's your conceit i
Gre. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper th
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his mast
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see th
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy g
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie word
Away I say, commend me to thy master
Pet. Well come my *Kate*, we will

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